

*The Historie of*

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,  
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore :  
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,  
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale :  
 My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd ;  
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,  
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,  
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
 Attend him on bridges, floodes in lanes,  
 Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,  
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,  
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
 He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
 Steps mea little higher then his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauespurgh*  
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
 That lay too heauie on the common wealth,  
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for ?  
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.  
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.  
*Hot.* Then to the poynt.  
 In short time after, he depos'd the King,  
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
 And in the necke of that, task'd the whole state :  
 To make that worse, suffred his kinsman *March*,  
 Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

*Henrie t*

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd  
 There without rancome to lie for  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victorie  
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence  
 Rated my Vncle from the Court  
 In rage dismisde my Father from  
 Broke oth on oth, committed w  
 And in conclusion, droue vs to  
 This head of safetie, and withal  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this an

*Hot.* Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weel  
 Go to the King, and let there be  
 Some suretie for a safe returne  
 And in the morning early shall  
 Bring him our purpose, and so

*Blunt.* I would you would ac

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of York*

*Arch.* Hie, good *Sir Michell*,  
 With winged hast to the Lord  
 This to my coosen *Scroope*, and  
 To whome they are directed. I  
 How much they doe import, ye

*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I g

*Arch.* Like enough you doe  
 Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*,  
 Wherein, the fortune of ten th  
 Must bide the touch : For *Sir*  
 As I am truly giuen to vnderst

The King with mighty and qu  
 Meets with Lord *Harry* ; and  
 What with the sicknesse of *N*  
 Whose power was in the first p  
 And what *Owen Glendowers* abl  
 Who with them was rated fir

Indeede